

# The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. 2.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

NO 39

**M. C. CLARKE, L. D. S. DENTIST—OF-  
FICE, 524 Main Street up-stairs. Teeth  
extracted without pain.**

**J. A. MCCAUSLAND, DENTIST—ARTI-  
ficial Teeth from a single tooth to a full  
set. Best set, upper or lower, \$15. Vitalized  
Air for painless extraction of teeth, safe and  
harmless. Office, 572 Main street, Winnipeg.**

**GOOD BOARD AND COMFORTABLE  
Rooms at 815 Main street, near C. P. R.  
Depot; meals at all hours. Good stabling &  
storage Room for farmers & others coming to  
the town.**

**DR. DALGLEISH, SURGEON-DENTIST,  
New York Graduate. Nitrous Oxide  
Gas given for painless extraction. Office over  
Whitehead's Drug Store, 474 Main Street,  
Hours—Day and Night.**

## FOR SALE CHEAP

Amateur's Portable Photographic 1-4 Plate  
Camera (Lancaster's best) quite new, Tripod  
stand, lamp, Leather satchel & all appliances,  
book of instructions &c. or, What offers of  
furniture in exchange. A. E. F., Northwest  
Review Office.

## DANIEL CAREY.

Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor and Notary  
Public.

Commissioner for Quebec and Manitoba

25 LOMBARD STREET WINNIPEG.

## DR. DUFRESNE.

Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician  
COR. MAIN AND MARKET STS.

Opposite City Hall. Winnipeg, Man.

## McPHILLIPS & WILKES,

Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c  
Hargrave Block, 325 Main St.,  
G. McPHILLIPS. A. E. WILKES

## BECK & McPHILLIPS

(Successors to Royal & Prud'homme)  
Barristers, Attorneys, &c.  
Solicitors for Le Credit Foncier Franco  
Canadien.

OFFICE NEXT BANK OF MONTREAL.  
N. D. Beck, LL.B. A. E. McPhillips

## M. CONWAY

General Auctioneer and Valuator  
Rooms Cor Main & Forging Ave.

Sales of Furniture, Horses' Implements  
&c., every Friday at 2 p.m. Country Sales of  
Farm Stock, &c., promptly attended to. Cash  
advanced on consignments of goods. Terms  
liberal and all business strictly confidential.

## McPHILLIPS BROS.,

Dominion Land Surveyors and Civil  
Engineers.

G. McPhillips, Frank McPhillips and R. C.  
McPhillips.  
ROOM 10 BIGGS BLOCK, WINNIPEG.

## THE WINNIPEG

# DRUGG HALL

Directly Opposite New Postoffice.

## J. F. Howard & Co

Successors to J. F. Caldwell & Co

## CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

# PHOTOGRAPHS

TAKEN BY

## HALL & LOWE

Are first-class in every respect.

461 MAIN STREET.

# TELEGRAPH

INSTITUTE,

496 Main Street.

Young men wishing to learn the Art will  
find every convenience for teaching Railway  
and Commercial Telegraphy, at the Winni-  
peg Business College. We have at consider-  
able expense opened a Telegraphic Depart-  
ment, with first class Instruments, Train  
Signals, etc., and are now ready to teach a  
full course in Railway and Commercial  
Telegraphy, Telegraphic Book-keeping, etc.  
Students may enter at any time.

Both DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL the year  
round.

For further particulars apply to

G. E. MCKELURG,

Principal of the College

## LONELY.

A hush on the lofty mountains  
A hush in the lowly vales  
And night from the lanes of the forest  
Her funeral shadow trails.  
I wander afar on the headland  
To the foot of the tamarac tree,  
And I muse forsaken and lonely;  
Oh lonely as lonely can be.

I bend my ear and listen  
If the voices of loved ones at home  
Will come through the silence and whis-  
per  
A solace to me in the gloom  
Alas I hear not in the stillness  
Save the moan of the desolate sea  
And my heart it is aching and lonely  
Oh lonely as lonely can be.

I look above in the heavens.  
To the star by her set apart,  
Which often in hours of sadness  
Illumined and gladdened my heart  
But to night a cloud has come o'er it,  
And hidden its lustre from me.  
Ah to night I am mournful and lonely.  
Oh lonely as lonely can be.

A sigh o'er the days of my childhood.  
A tear for the beautiful past.  
No trust in the hopes of the future.  
No hopes of a joy that will last  
I live encircled by phantoms  
And cling to a love that must flee  
I ne'er was so sad and so lonely,  
Oh lonely as lonely can be.

Poor wail what need of repining  
Said a voice from the caverns below  
If the hearts thou lovest, are too narrow,  
To embrace thee now in thy woe,  
Look up to Him whose affection  
Is broad and immense as the sea.  
And thy soul so despondent and lonely  
Shall be happy as happy can be.

John Lesperance

## MERE SUZANNE

By Katharine S. Macquoid.

### CHAPTER I.

Midway between the Norman seaport  
Havre and the city of Paris, there stands,  
on the very edge of the river Seine, the  
quaintest little town in the Pays de Caux.  
Its gabled half-timbered houses are  
grouped around a grand old  
Gothic church just where two green val-  
leys meet, and send a little river trick-  
ling through the pebble paved streets,  
to lose itself in the Seine. This little  
stream is called St. Gertrude, and be-  
fore it reaches the street it meanders  
pleasantly across the marais, as some  
willow-fringed fields are called. The wil-  
low trees plainly love the little river, for  
they grow on both sides of it, and bend  
down caressingly till their gray green  
leaves make reflections therein, along  
with the yellow sedges, and the purple  
loosestrife and paler agrimony, which  
assert themselves in patches of color  
against the bank. All these pictures  
showed vividly on either side of the lit-  
tle stream half an hour ago, but now the  
sun has sunk behind the trees on the  
western side of the marais, and grass  
and leaves and reflections have put on a  
sombre robe of olive before they go to  
sleep.

The marais lies higher than the town  
—yet it is lower than the road which  
leads past it to the gabled half-timbered  
houses beside the Seine.

A young fellow, 17 years old or so,  
sundered and blue-eyed, with the Sax-  
on-looking face so often seen in the  
Norman peasant, turns aside from this  
road as he reaches a by-path, and goes  
down to a plank bridge across the little  
stream. The light is now so dim that  
the cottage near the big yellow tree in  
the corner of the marais can hardly be  
made out, but the figure of a woman  
standing in front of the cottage doorway  
can be seen a good way off; the lilac cot-  
ton jacket above her dark skirt; and  
her snowy linen cap, are very distinct  
against the dim blurred background of  
the cottage and willow trees. The wo-  
man's nose and chin; always near to-  
geth—her—for she has lost her teeth—are now  
closer than ever, she is smiling such a  
fond welcome to her boy.

"Come come," she says blithely, "you  
must want your supper badly, Auguste.  
She bustles forward and tries to take  
from him the bundle he carries on his  
shoulder, while he kisses both her with-  
ered cheeks.

But Auguste does not smile. back in  
the old face so near his own, and he says,  
"No, no," almost sternly, as he holds the  
bundle away from her.

His mother—they call her La Mere  
Suzanne in the little town by the Seine,  
turns meekly away and goes back into  
the cottage, but her head is bent, and  
she has left off smiling. She knows, by  
help of that sympathy which exists be-  
tween a loving mother and her child,  
that something ails Auguste, and a dread  
which she cannot put away seems to

clasp like an iron band.

The sight of her sick husband crouch-  
ing over the fire recalls her wits.

"Yes, yes, my man," she says, cheer-  
fully, "here is our Auguste come back  
and right hungry, too, you may be sure.  
It is a long walk from Yvetot you know  
Jules."

Auguste has not followed her in; his  
footsteps sound slow and heavy, he loit-  
ers outside a minute or two, then goes  
round to the outhouse.

"What ails the lad?" his father says;  
'he says nothing—and I that have not  
seen him these two days.'

Jules Didier turns round a pale, sallow  
face, almost covered by a grizzled beard  
that sorely needs the barber. His eyes  
are dark and haggard, his face has suff-  
ering plainly marked on it, one arm, too  
is missing; but as he rises and stands  
erect he is a tall man, a thorough con-  
tract to his little stooping, blue-eyed  
wife, who looks like a ball as she bends  
over the fire to fill a brown bowl with  
soup out of the pot on the hot hearth.

Her son comes in just as she sets the  
steaming bowl on the table. A long roll  
reaches half across the unbleached  
homespun tablecloth; a small pitcher of  
cider, and a gaily red and blue plate  
full of huge white radishes are placed on  
either side.

Auguste goes up to his father: he kiss-  
es both cheeks, and then merely saying  
'you have supped,' he seats himself, and  
eats his soup in silence.

The father groans as he sits down  
again, for his joints are old and stiff  
with rheumatism. Auguste's silence does  
not seem to him out of the usual course  
of things, and when one is troubled with  
one's own ailments one is sometimes less  
sensitive about the joys and sorrows of  
others.

La Mere Suzanne has such a busy  
time of it that she can never find a  
moment to think about herself in. Her  
Jules, her Auguste, and those three dear  
dear sons who fell at Magenta and Sol-  
ferino occupy all her thoughts—the  
poor mother often wonders where her  
dear boys' graves are, if there were  
but a chance of finding them out, she  
sometime thinks she would like to make  
a pilgrimage to Italy, although Monsieur  
le Cure says Italy is a long way off—far-  
ther even than Paris.

Her thoughts just now are full of Aug-  
uste. She stands out of his sight,  
and yet she is watching him. She has  
been every moment expecting to hear  
his merry laugh, and to see his bright  
face turn towards her with that look of  
invitation to share his mirth, so dear to  
a mother's heart.

He has finished his soup now, but he  
only crumbles the bit of bread which is  
put beside his plate. Then he sighs, and  
his head sinks on his breast.

His mother does not speak, but un-  
consciously she sighs too, and her lips  
quiver. Something has happened to  
Auguste, that is plain enough; but she  
will not worry her good, loving boy, he  
shall take his own time. "When the  
troubles get too heavy to bear," she says  
meekly to herself, "my Auguste will  
come and tell it to his mother." It costs  
her a struggle to keep down her long-  
ing to comfort him. She wants to put  
her arm round his neck and to ask him  
to tell her his sorrow; but this might vex  
him—"who can tell?" she says, bravely.  
The struggle has brought tears to her  
eyes, and she goes quickly away to the  
outhouse and dries them there on her  
apron.

While she stands at the door and  
looks out over the cabbage-plot a smile  
comes over her face. Something is creep-  
ing about in the gloom, and now a long  
haired bushy-tailed gray cat emerges  
from behind a row of globe-shaped cab-  
bages with leaves curling outwards like  
a rose. "Mousseline, Mousseline, Mousseline,  
what are you doing?" Suzanne laughs  
merrily as the cat comes close, and lays  
at her feet a large yellow frog which he  
has caught among the cabbages, and  
which by his purring and the arching of  
his back and tail he intimates is vermin  
not to be tolerated on the premises.

La Mere Suzanne stoops down and pats  
Mousseline, and the cat rubs itself again-  
st her.

"Good Mousseline," she says, "good  
cat! Come in and see Auguste."

She stops outside. All within is silent,  
and when she opens the door she sees  
that Auguste's face is hidden by his  
hands as he rests his elbows on the table.  
His father roared at last by the unusual  
silence is looking round at his son.

To him, however, Auguste's attitude  
speaks only of fatigue and Jules idea is  
that the lad will get a nap if he is left in  
peace.

But as Suzanne looks at her boy the  
pain at her heart comes back. She closes  
the door, and Auguste lifts his head.  
His dreary craving gaze draws her to him  
in a moment.

Outside the door she has been saying  
"He must be left alone—yes, yes, the  
poor boy must not be questioned," and  
now, without her will, she finds her arms  
around his neck his head is on her should-  
er, and his tears are falling on the front  
of her gown.

"There, there, my jewel, my well-belov-  
ed," she rocks his head on her arms,  
pressing it against her bosom as if he  
were an infant. She does not question  
him.

Love, that best of teachers, has given  
to poor, old, ignorant Suzanne the key  
which unlocks an overburdened heart.  
She is so emptied of self that she is a  
part of Auguste, and the poor fellow's  
heart eases itself without effort into this  
sympathy which does not even offer it-  
self because it is already his.

"Mother," he says softly; so that his  
words shall not reach his father, "it has  
come at last that which we have dreaded  
He feels a shiver in the arms round his  
neck, he feels, too, that her breath is  
drawn more deeply, and he tries to smile  
bravely, though he does not look at her  
face. "Yes, mother, I am no longer Au-  
guste Didier, I am No. 317. I am drawn  
for the Army of the North."

He felt surprised, wounded even, when  
he saw that her first thought was for his  
father. She looked around and held her  
breath a moment, and then she turned  
to her boy, her poor face so pale and  
changed, that instinctively he tightened  
his hold lest she should fall down in a  
faint.

She kissed Auguste's forehead, and  
then drawing herself away she went up  
to the invalid.

"Jules, my man," she said, cheerfully,  
"you are very tired; the day has been  
hot and weary. Shall not Auguste help  
you to bed? he is tired and wants rest."

Jules Didier looked wistfully over his  
shoulder.

"I have not heard any news yet," he  
said with some discontent. "Come,  
Auguste, let us hear what fun is going in  
the market to day. Is Rouen as full of  
travellers as usual, or have the Prussians  
frightened them away! Ah! those  
Prussians, they are rough customers—  
eh, my lad? Why, mother, what ails  
you!"

She had been taken unawares; as he  
uttered those careless words about the  
Prussians, there rose up before her a  
battle-field; with her boy, her darling  
Auguste, fighting hand to hand with  
dark, fierce-looking men, whom she  
knew must be German soldiers.

She gave a sudden sharp cry, and,  
flinging her apron over her head, she  
reeled back against the table.

Auguste's arm was around her in an  
instant, and he placed her in the chair  
in which he had been sitting. But he  
did not stoop to kiss her. The young  
fellow knew that he must play the man  
if he would not break the hearts of  
these two who so fondly loved him.

At that moment his mother's tender-  
ness was a danger which he must avoid.  
So he walked up and down the stone-  
floored room—up and down three times,  
his head bent on his breast, and his  
hands behind his back.

But his father had no eyes for him.  
It was new to Jules that his wife should  
do anything, and a vague terror came  
that she was, perhaps, dying. Death  
and Suzanne? The two ideas had never  
before come to him hand in hand. He  
rose up pale and trem bling, and going  
over where she sat he put his one arm  
round her and patted her bent shoulder.

"What is it," he said, in a hurried, al-  
armed way. "What have you done to  
yourself—tell me, Suzanne? What has  
happened?"

The last words sounded fretful, for in-

deed Jules, who was so often a suffer-  
er, who had grown accustomed to  
consider himself helpless, it seemed im-  
possible that any one so cheerful and  
active as his uncomplaining wife should  
be ailing except by her own fault.

She looked up at him with scared,  
pathetic eyes. She did not mean any  
reproach, she only longed dimly for  
something which she felt he could not  
give her.

"Kiss me, Jules," she said, and then,  
as his rough chin rubbed her forehead,  
she sank back feebly, as if in those few  
minutes she had grown older.

Auguste stood still when his father  
spoke. He was young, but he knew  
what his mother wanted, and in that  
moment he realized what the loss of  
him would be to her. He loved his  
father dearly, but he did not see why  
he should be spared the grief that had  
come upon them all.

"I will tell you, father," he said, hoar-  
sely, "and then you can help mother to  
bear it. I knew it was coming, but I  
did not know it would come so soon."  
Our soldiers have been beaten, they  
want all the men they can get, and if  
a fellow is strong there is no escape.  
I am drawn for the conscription, and I  
have to march on Monday.

His father stood still, his fingers clut-  
ched nervously at the front of his  
blouse; he looked sicker than ever.  
"It cannot be," he said. "Monsieur le  
Maire said to me, 'Auguste will be ex-  
empted; your years of military service—  
you lost your arm, the poor lads in  
Italy,' his voice grew husky as he glanc-  
ed at his wife's bent head. 'Monsieur  
le Maire has said that all these things  
must preserve us our last child, and—  
and—I told him what a good child he  
was.'

His eyes shone with tears as they met  
his son's.

Auguste only shook his head for an-  
swer.

Jules went on with sudden, unusual  
energy.

"There is a mistake. Yes, yes, you  
will see. I go to-morrow to Monsieur le  
Maire, and then to Rouen; they will not  
take you from us when they have heard.

Auguste went up to his mother, and  
hugged her closely to him. Something  
told him that was the best comfort she  
could have that he could give. Then  
he said tenderly: "It is late; we had bet-  
ter all go to bed, mother."

### CHAPTER II.

A month has gone by, or, as they have  
seemed to Suzanne, thirty long days  
have passed since the morning her boy  
marched away with his fellow-recruits.  
A few words from Monsieur le Maire had  
convinced Jules that there was no hope  
of release, and then he went back to his  
customary helplessness, varied, it is true,  
by unusual diatribes against a govern-  
ment which he said, sucked the blood of  
her children.

Auguste had left the marais overnight;  
he said it was better in all ways that the  
old people should not go with him to  
Rouen. He told his mother that it would  
be hard for her to say her last good-by  
among strangers, and it might make him  
weak before his comrades; then, too, he  
had added lovingly, "It will be so hard  
for you, little mother, to go back to the  
home alone."

And as she stood and saw him disap-  
pear in the darkness, which hid the  
tears she could not keep back, she said:  
"His last thought was for me."

She had tried since then to keep cheer-  
ful, and at the end of the first fortnight  
there had come to her a great reward  
for her courage—a letter from Auguste.  
In it he told her he was well, and that  
so far as he could be happy away from  
home he liked his new life: he liked  
some of his comrades, too; the officers  
were kind to them, one of them even em-  
ployed him to do little personal services.  
"Dear mother," the letter went on, "Mon-  
sieur le Capitaine says I am willing and  
handy, truly, if I am, it is to you I owe  
these qualities."

TO BE CONTINUED

Prince Bismark who is suffering from  
an attack of sciatica, is much chagrined  
because Lunnenburg, hitherto the  
constituency of his son, Count Herbert  
Bismark, has returned a liberal to the  
Reichstag.